

# THE SHAKER MANIFESTO.

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### THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

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MARTHA J. ANDERSON.  
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Imperial day, in regal majesty  
Now gathers up his gold and purple robes,  
And westward rolls his chariot of light.  
Grey mists retreat to caverns dark and deep,  
And twilight shadows, softly stealing o'er,  
Wrap all creation in a calm repose;  
While nature, with her myriad voices  
    hushed,  
In silent awe awaits the opening role  
That heralds night's resplendent scenery—  
Fair Venus, peerless 'mid the nightly train  
That tread their round through sombre ether  
    space  
In such sublime and awful majesty,—  
Comes forth in queenly beauty all arrayed;  
And shining orbs, each to their place as-  
    signed,  
In blazoned grandeur span the ebon arch.  
Star of all stars, among the countless throng  
That meets the raptured gaze of mortal eye,  
For thy transcendent light outshines them  
    all.  
When the moon wanes and shows its side  
    opaque,  
Thy beams, throughout the crystal air  
    infused,  
A weird reflection cast upon the wall,  
And in the trembling shafts of silvery light,  
Fantastic shadows dance in revelry,  
And spectral shapes the silent chamber fill.  
A world! oh! who shall scan thee wondrous  
    ball  
Suspended in illimitable space?  
Thy brilliancy the eyes of science blinds,  
And with uncertainty doth man record

The measurement of thy circumference.  
They claim thee as the Sun's fair satellite,  
With Mercury attending on his course.  
Earth pales, and Mars' bright lurid glare  
    grows dim  
Eclipsed by the refulgence of thy beams.  
Great Jupiter, enthroned as king of heaven,  
With watchful eye and steady light, looks  
    down  
From depths immeasurable and vast;  
Too distant, to reveal his wondrous size.  
And Saturn, luminous with circling rings,  
Moves with his satellites in realms remote,  
The great chronologer of passing time,  
Uranus, mildly beams far, far away;  
And Neptune, unperceived by naked eye,  
Enspersed in light as brilliant as our own,  
Like sentinel, takes up his march around  
The boundary line of Sol's great family.  
Ah! who shall reach infinity? or ere desery  
By aid of science, keen research, or sight,  
The wonders of that galaxy of worlds,  
Whose central orbs, like globes of living fire  
Illume and vivify their forms opaque?  
No wonder that the magi of the east  
In the grey morning of a new-born world,  
Went up to hill-tops of the Orient,  
And paid their homage, to the grandest  
    works  
Displayed in God's created Universe.  
They knew Him not, yet gazed with  
    thought serene,  
And sought the secret cause, of all that lived  
And moved, in such exalted harmony.  
In lands of cloudless skies and climate  
    warm,  
The ancient shepherds, on the outstretched  
    plains  
— While guarding well their chosen flocks  
by night—

Observed the movements of revolving  
spheres,  
And marked from age to age the changing  
scenes

Occurring in the stellar dome on high.  
Chaldea and Egypt, in their palmy days,  
And other oriental lands of lore,  
Mapped out their systems of astronomy,  
And gave the world the key, that has un-  
locked

The occult mysteries of the heavenly vault.  
And yet, with what perspective art and skill,  
Man still pursues the study of those laws  
That operate beyond his finite sight,  
And hold in poise the constellated spheres ;  
Whose harmony, like sweet concordant  
chimes,

The great Pythagoras was wont to hear.  
In ages dark, when priestcraft ruled the  
earth,

The sons of science, doomed beneath their  
scourge ;

Dared not promulgate what they know was  
right ;

Or, like the brave Galileo, they shared  
With criminals the dungeon's noisome cell :  
Yet blessed be their memory, it lives  
In the resplendent glory of that truth,  
Which triumphs over ignorance and pride.  
The age of reason, dawning o'er the earth,  
Gives to the minds of men expanse and  
growth,

And elevates the moral sentiment  
Above the superstitions and the vague,  
To comprehend diviner attributes ;  
E'en the Creative Power that fashions  
worlds

And moulds the destiny of human souls.

### SOUL TRAVEL.

GILES B. AVERY.

Earth's travelers often intensely interest her inhabitants by wordy pictures of their journeys, the interesting sights they have seen, the curious incidents they have met with ; the laws, customs and manners of different peoples and nations they have witnessed, the wonders of nature and art that have riveted their memories like a spell-bound reader, and the different phases of culture, progress and refinement of different peoples.

In the understanding and belief of all enlightened peoples, there is a spiritual,—a soul world, as really as a material and it is *not alone* for those who have "shuffled off the mortal coil," but those yet residents of time. Of this the travelers therein have reports to

make, vastly more important and enchanting than those merely pertaining to the material ; they are seeking an audience. Who will listen to their reports ? But where are the historians of soul travelers ? Is there not here a very important link in the chain of human development that needs forging, smoothing and burnishing ? Are there not many links, a chain embettering intelligent life ? Is there not a voluminous and intensely interesting history waiting for the pen of some recording angel to illustrate ? Are we all, as tenants of time, so engrossed with earth's cares, burdens, sorrows and joys that we have no record to portray of the travels of the soul ? After the worrying and harrassing experience of earthly trials and disappointment, or while suffering the effect of the contents of Pandora's box, when, as the hypochondriac would express it, a person "*feels the blues*," is there no soul record which might be written for the encouragement of fortitude, patience, and calm endurance, or, if need be, energetic struggle, so to guide the life of the forth coming traveler as to shun the like Maelstrom of difficulties ? Or, in the experience of joys so transporting, full of strength and encouragement of spirit as to enable an intelligent human being to sail securely and calmly over all the rough billows of time, is there no reporter, as a heavenly pilot, to tell the approaching sailor how to guide his bark, that he too may be fortified for the trials to be met on the voyage ?

We behold around us multitudes of soul pilgrims on their journey through time, destined to some goal, some haven of joy or sorrow, some prison of infamy or some fane of glory, and we anxiously inquire, are there not some means by which each one and all may not only *see* the temple of honor and the crown of bliss, but be *drawn* in the only true direction to it ? Can ye not picture to us, O souls who have sailed on before, and anchored in the ocean of redemption and bliss, the methods you employed to vanquish your adversaries in conflicts with the blandishments of sore temptations and the allurements of sin ?

To perceive soul travel in its magnitude, we must retrace human history ; for her

physical, moral and social, as well as spiritual status has been graded, all along from man's cradle history, up through the untold myriad ages, by the development of progressive degrees of soul enlightenment and enlargement. In the earlier and earliest ages of human existence, the motive power of man's life was, apparently, simply brute force, the strongest, animally speaking, bearing rule; thus, the male of human kind ruled, for untold ages, over the female, making her his slave, his tool for pleasure; a condition manifest, even at the present day, by those nations where there has been little development of soul progress. Thus was developed and chosen the Chiefs of savage tribes, and thus ensued the dominance of nations for time unmeasured; the most physically powerful and numerous assuming an autocracy of rule; the weaker peoples, in unnumbered millions, were enslaved by their physical peers, and made to serve them in any manner which most ministered to their animal pleasures, pride and creature comforts, and apparently without the least thought or concern of the sufferings of the enslaved and toiling myriads they had conquered. The imperishable historical testimony of this soulless state of human society is recorded in the Pyramids and Obelisks of Egypt, the Catacomb cities of the dead, hewn in the imperishable rocks; the Sarcophagi containing embalmed mummies of rulers and task masters wrapped in beaten gold.

Human animals fought hand to hand for mastery, as fight still the lower orders of creation. Man's servile life in these ages was untold misery without spiritual or social relief.

As man became more soul-progressed, fewer have been the wars for conquest, but more forcible the engines of destruction; thus inciting dread of engagement in strife, and, coupled with this, attention to the sufferings of the wounded, thus manifesting human sympathy—a trace of soul development, an elementary demonstration of soul travel. On, and still onward, is the march of progress, until kingdoms unite to sustain each other by combined counsels; wars are less frequent, engines of destruction more

dreadful, until some of them are so horrible, so Satanic in design and accomplishments for the destruction of life, that they are condemned, even by warriors, as hellish instruments of warfare; another evidence of soul progress,—*sympathy for fellow-beings*; an element entirely lacking in the earlier ages, when whole hecatombs of human beings were sacrificed in the gladiatorial sports and feasts of conquering nations, to please the spectators, and the greater the anguish portrayed by the lacerated human sacrifices, the greater joy to the crowd of spectators. No soul manifest here!

Yet forward rolls the wheel of progress, and the travel of soul manifest in earthly conditions, until national grievances are beginning to be settled, among some, *once* barbaric nations of the earth, by arbitration, and the growth of soul is pleading for the disbanding of standing armies; thus the growth and progress of soul approximating the dawn of that glorious day of soul domination predicted by the prophet of the Lord, when nations should "beat their swords into plow shares, and their spears into pruning hooks, and learn war no more."

From the historical, infantile, social status of human life, all along up through the unnumbered ages, come the evidences of soul travel, plodding its weary way in the so-called religious history of our race. Beginning with primitive humanity we find a degree of apparent innate perception of God: man recognizes some powers superior to himself and worships its products as God. At first, a fetish, his god is some stupendous material object, as a huge rock, a vast mountain, a noble river, the mighty ocean; soul, here begins to work, but her aliment is material; next, the spiritual impulse prompts the manufacture of images of animal life to worship, the only way the soul can, as yet, give its life expression; it is an incipient perception and acknowledgment of God in His creation; it is one more step of soul progress. Next comes the worship of the sources of light, and life sustainers, the Sun, Moon and Stars, because man finds them his benefactors, and his innate gratitude begins to germinate and crop out; the soul is climbing, but in material robes.

Occult forces hence begin to manifest their power to a portion of the race, and man's spiritual forces institute ideal gods in monstrous forms embracing a combination of the forms of both man, beast and birds, and panoplied with creative powers, as objects of worship; in this is portrayed Egyptian soul evolution, a glimmering perception of the spiritual; but we do not tarry here. Next we have the souls incipient perception of a spirit God, and abstract identity, unknown to the unprogressed, material man; His oracle, Moses, reveals Him as the *Unknown*, simply "*I Am*" seeing his back-sides only, his face he cannot see and live, for he is yet approaching him only from the rear. But, in this phase the souls of men see God as the Mighty Deliverer from bondage, and the fearful dispenser of justice and judgment, and in this phase of soul travel, "*The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.*" But the soul is marching on; and ultimately ceases to fear God, having learned only to "*love God as the perfection of wisdom.*"

Next enters Christ, the evolution of soul to a recognition of God, not as an unknown Monster, to be feared only, but a Heavenly Father, with whom the Son might walk and talk familiarly and lovingly, and take lessons of *soul life*, — *spiritual wisdom*. Now Paul, — the Christian Apostle, could declare to the cultured Greeks and Romans, yet lingering in soul travel: "Whom ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you." In this step of soul travel is manifest spiritual power commanding and over-reaching the materialistic and literal machinery, in the grooves of which, society had thus far run her spiritual car of progress; and now begins to be manifest the fact that soul power, — spirit, is the arbiter of the destinies of nations; the commanding force of human weal; a power to be investigated, learned, loved and obeyed! The *kingdom* of Christ is a Republic in the relation of its citizens to each other — a Kingdom in their relation to Christ, their Lord and Head. It is founded, not on outward forms of social polity, but on the principles of *spiritual* righteousness, truth and love; laws written by the *finger of God*, on

the *plastic soul*, not graven upon stone tables. It contrasts with the Jewish Kingdom by its *spiritual freedom*. It opposes to the limitation of the Jewish theocracy's boundary line, as being *alone* able to become God's Chosen People, a *universal invitation to all mankind*, to become the Children of God, having no restrictions but those of character and conduct; Citizenship is offered to all who truly repent before God. Christianity is founded on soul life, and perpetuates its power by *soul travel*; thus it is in direct opposition to stupid dependence on mere customs, ceremonies, formulas of empty rule! The moribund, Levitical worship and idolatry of ceremony, are wounded to death! Christianity is not a mechanical servitude, it is a *soul travel* from a narrow pride of religious bigotry of *exclusive Pharisaical righteousness*, to the acceptance of goodness in *all mankind*, wherever, or by whomsoever manifest. "If ye love those only who love you what reward have you?" this is its benedictory admonition. This, when enunciated by Jesus, and demonstrated in his life's labors of universal benevolence, produced a religious revolution in the history of mankind. Here, is soul travel to a demonstration of Princely dignity, and yet its working, governmental policy is the contrast of a Kingly or Princely Aristocracy. But the march of soul stops not here. Still on she climbs the ladder of destiny, and next perceives a revelation of God, not only as a *Heavenly Father*, but a *Heavenly Mother* also. Now man begins to learn his true selfhood, to recognize woman his counterpart, his finishing half, not his mere vassal, but his loving comforter, and spiritual compeer! In this revelation, *love* is no longer *lust*, but is the fruit of purity and peace; this relation of the sexes, though born from the heavens upon the earth, is not of earthly destiny, it is to inaugurate a Kingdom of Heaven for man's residence, not only in the life to come, but while he is a sojourner on the shores of time.

Soul travel, in this relation, develops dignity which is approximating the Divine; dignity princely in power, yet so humble, it affords no awe to the lowly in station —

sympathy for the weak and erring, to cheer and uplift the downcast and fallen; energy and determination of purpose to the innocent, to enable them to keep their garments unspotted by sin—power to reprove with love, and condemn with pity, to bear indignities, yet repress even just resentment. In the finale, this soul travel enables mankind with so much patriotism, and universal love, as to give one's life a willing sacrifice to truth!

To enable the race of man to have a soul travel, there must ever be a light in advance of the popular sentiment, in morals, in religion; and this light must have its torch bearers, consecrated souls to human evolution. Without a soul travel into the *vitalizing spirit* of religious fervor, and eternal life, the parent of Divine and eternal love, which produces in its votaries self denial and purity, the history of religious progress in all countries, and among all peoples must perish! Even Puritan New England, in the 17th century forcibly illustrated this truth, that, the human mind will not continuously bear the strain of strictly religious sentiment and discipline without a spirit travel into the angelic realms of the inspirational and Divine. A nonconformist Divine, in the early days of Puritanism in England, remarked: "Religion has been among us this thirty-five years; but the more it is published, the more it is contemned, and reproached by many. \* \* \* Thus religion is a by-word, a mocking stock, so that in England, at this day (near the close of the 16th century), the man or woman who begins to profess religion, and to serve God, must resolve with himself to sustain mocks and injuries." The magistrates of Massachusetts, a century later, in 1668, remarked: "The youth of this age, have degenerated from the strictness of their fathers."

But soul travel clothes the being with the garments of everlasting righteousness, and eternal constancy in well doing, and *happy being*; it leads away from earthly sins and sorrows, to fraternize with angels of God; to such, *religion* is an eternally flowing fountain of living, soul inspiring waters, springing up unto everlasting life. The *bare professor* of religion with a *lifeless*,

*untravelling soul*, sin bound, and earth shackled, dwells alone, a stranger, though having multitudes around him and is often questioning if "*Life is worth the living?*" But, the soul traveler, in Christian graces, dwells in heavenly palaces, consociated with heavenly messengers of bliss, the compeers of angels, and worships God in temples not made with hands; they are never alone, not even while dwelling as denizens of earth, but wedded to kindred spirits, as light is wedded to the sun, or color to the tinted rose; and as rivers flow to the ocean, so fulfilling the prophetic prediction, shall these soul progressed and progressing spirits "*flow together to the goodness of the Lord.*"

Shakers, N. Y.

### CONSERVATISM VS. PROGRESS.

In 1876, during the World's Philadelphia Exhibition, a circular was issued to Believers, in which a worthy and prominent brother suggested to the editor that "If the SHAKER is going to be maintained, it must be by Believers, and not by subscribers. Therefore, let nothing find in it a place that any Believer could object to. Let it be purely *conservative*."

In answer thereto, I wrote, but did not publish—"The American government sustained itself for a long time, with slavery gnawing at its vitals, simply preaching peace—peace—while practically compromising principles—the radical principles of the American government. Did it pay? When the war between principles and interest came, the debt had to be cancelled. *Progress* was an inherent law of the American government. When that was ignored—suppressed—an explosion soon followed.

Republicanism was a new idea to the race. When the *name* was indorsed, the *fact* was resisted. To-day, half the people—the females—are not citizens. Is that Republicanism? Old systems die hard. This is undeniable in earthly governments. The old smotherers, chokes, crushes the new. It is one nation against all nations, and all nations against a Republic.

Our Spiritual Order parallels that. A true



Christ Church was the idea thrown out to all Christendom—all things new—new theology—new temporal arrangement—new sexual relations—new order of human society.

To build up this *new* creation, material had to be taken from the *old*. That old material was divided into two parts—*Orthodox* and *Skeptic*. The founders of the *first* cycle of our Order were from the orthodox class. They have had their day and their say—have done well. The founders of the *second* cycle will be from the ranks of the skeptics—*Rationalists*—the founders of the American Government. They will have their day and their say. Hope they will do as well. The antagonism will be like Republicanism and Monarchy—Republicanism will prevail.

In our first cycle, we have had celibate life, community of goods, and a few fragmentary new theologies, not yet fitted into much of a system—about as much of a Christ Church as the United States government has been of a Republic. The Baptist, the Methodist, the Presbyterian agreed to condemn marriages, *per se*, as *unchristian*. Yet they retained just as much of their old heaven views as did not *too* much conflict with the new faith. Now they want a paper that shall contain no truth, foundational to the coming new cycle, wholly conservative. Rather let it cease to be a professed exponent of a new order, developing from faith to faith as the Spirit of Truth reveals.

In the first cycle, the question came up—“Can an infidel to old theologies—to anti-Christianity—become a good Shaker?” In the second cycle, it will be asked, can a fleshly fighting *Christian*, who has used the reasoning powers to muddle and mystify the spiritual truths of Christ's gospel, become a Christian—a good Believer? Having lived an amphibious life, like frogs, is it possible for the Christ to redeem them—create them anew in Christ Jesus? Or have they, by desecrating sacred words and things—professing the name of Christ, and living out the character of Antichrist—committed the unpardonable sin against the Holy Spirit of Truth? Having been *Idolators*—worshipping *Jesus as God*, are they not tempted to worship *Ann as Goddess*? Having, while yet Christians, lived in generative lusts, they

now bring down the God of the universe, to this little unfinished planet, to engage in the work of generating a human being—Jesus (see Dunlavy)—thereby building up generation as a pure, holy spiritual work and institution, right in the Holy Temple of God in Christ's second appearing—Church. This too, in standard works which aims to hold forth celibacy—a resurrection as the pivotal idea of the new order of true Shakerism—an order which holds that in the Adamic condition, free from sin, Generation was only natural, earthly, animal.

As the Heavens are above the earth, so is Resurrection above Generation.

Can such Orthodox material ever be redeemed—saved? If so, there is hope in their latter end—and great hope for the infidels.

In the spirit world, the infidel, skeptic founders of our government, are building up the waste places of Zion. The Gospel, in its Second degree, is theirs by inheritance. They are the party who said, “I will *not* go,” but repented and went and did the will of God on earth, in founding a new earthly government, the commencement of the new earth, even as our order is the commencement of the new heavens.

See the poor, bigoted irrational Moody and Sankeyites, who have closed the gates of a World's Exposition upon one of the seven Sabbath days that their own sect, who visit it have adopted. These inane bigots having lived in the evils of the world until frightened by the prospect of their own eternal hell-fire and brimstone, fall in *imagination*, at the feet of Jesus, in the belief that “*He* has done it all.” When they die they go to a heaven that, to a good Shaker, would be unendurable.

Let us have the new cycle, as fast as the present generation can bear the new truths that will be its foundation stones.

F. W. EVANS.

“The cold-blooded Puritanism of the Centennial managers in closing the Exhibition on Sunday is utterly insufferable, and one more marvelous incident to go down in history to the account of stupid and intolerable bigotry. Greeks will be there whose holy day is Monday. Persians will be there

whose holy day is Tuesday. Assyrians will be there whose holy day is Wednesday. Egyptians will be there whose holy day is Thursday; and Turks will be there whose holy day is Friday; and Jews whose holy day is Saturday. And Scientists, Infidels, Atheists, Freethinkers, Materialists and Spiritualists who have risen above the mountain of holy days."

COMMON SENSE.

## WILLING OBEDIENCE.

ANTOINETTE DOOLITTLE.

God has never left the earth without a witness of Himself. There have been a few—when compared with the many—who feared, loved and served Him according to the degree of knowledge of His will revealed in their time, and of His requirements upon them. *Obedience* was the condition of blessing and acceptance, as lessons were given from time to time for the uplifting of the race unto higher truths and more sublime thought and action. "If ye be willing and obedient ye shall eat the good (fruit) of the land," and "dwell in the light of God's countenance"—His benign smiles of approval. Upon that law, kept inviolate, hung the promise of reward.

God's works bear the insignia of life, growth and development. Laws and lessons that were given when the race was young and feeble had their uses; without the sustaining, verifying influences which they imparted even the breath of life that God gave to man, which caused him to be a living soul, endowed with intelligence and reasoning powers, would have been lost. As an infant is fed and nourished by its mother, and receives such food as it can digest, so was man, or a race of men, supplied with food befitting its infantile condition. More than that could not have been a blessing at that time. But how far would the food of an infant go toward sustaining a full grown man or woman? Although indispensable to the then immature condition of age and education, it would fall far short of supplying the demands of full developed manhood. Now, in the nineteenth century, we find the mental food that sufficed in the past—even that which was

accepted and relished in one decade in the gone by—does not fully satisfy present investigating minds. As with the mental, so in regard to the spiritual—the soul cravings.

The condition of blessing resting upon the law of obedience is as potent and essential at the present as in the past. All progress in ethics or religion is based upon that principle, through whatever agency light may come to us, unless we receive it, grasp and hold it by obeying its teachings, we fail of the full blessing designed. We cannot be justified or condemned from the standpoint of others in the present, neither be satisfied to plant our feet upon the summit of the highest mountain that appeared to Moses and the prophets. They stood upon the heights of the Zion of their day, and drank health and hope from spiritual fountains of inspirations that opened unto them, which caused them to utter beautiful truths that have come down to us in substance through many centuries of time, for which we acknowledge our indebtedness.

Other stars have since arisen, and we hope many more may yet arise, that will shine with brighter luster than any that have shone in the past; and while those in the past may in some degree "cease to be glorious by reason of the glory that excelleth," they will still retain their places in the celestial horizon, forming a bright constellation that will be seen in the ages yet to be.

Jesus the Anointed came to inaugurate a new dispensation; not to condemn the old, but to break the bread of life in a new form, and to show a more excellent way than the "eye for an eye" system; that to render good for evil was a higher law. He led His disciples on to a more elevated plane than the law-giver Moses had done, and taught that love, ruling the life and conscience, was better than physical force, and forgiveness better than revenge.

In the days of Jesus few indeed were prepared to accept the message that He was commissioned to bear to the children of men. He took great pains to enlighten His disciples and imbue their minds with the importance of the great fundamental principles of a new spiritual order that it was His

peculiar mission to originate, which were virgin purity, non-resistance, love to God and humanity, practically demonstrated by community of interest in all things pertaining to body and soul. He said: "All men cannot receive My word. He that is able let him receive it." Even His baptized followers only saw in part; they awaited the growth of the ages for the ushering in of a still more perfect day.

In the fullness of time, Ann the Anointed came as a medium to perform a peculiar work that was given her to do. She planted her feet upon the rock of revelation—the foundation that Jesus laid—and worked from and added strength thereto. As Jesus was the first born of many brethren, so was Ann the first born of many daughters, and Jesus-like she faithfully fulfilled her mission. They were not able to perfect the work that they commenced on earth, but looked to their followers to fill the measure which they left unfilled. They opened the gates of the highway that leads up the mount to the city of God, where all things are new, and their dual voice is heard to-day calling to their children to come up higher and still higher, where they may drink at new springs of inspiration, and receive "beauty for ashes, the oil of gladness for mourning, and a garment of praise for a spirit of heaviness."

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### PRENTISSIANA.

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#### "HATCHING CHICKENS BY MACHINERY"

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Some years ago, a good Catholic lady introduced me to her gallery of well-selected pictures. Prominent in the group were the two Marys, one nursing a baby, the other, in form erect and gallant bearing.

The lady adoringly pointed to the first-named Mary. Pointing to the other, I said "I like this Mary best."

The lady rejoined, "to be sure she is the best looking, but she's not the Mother of God."

The other—the Mary Magdalene of Holy Writ—was a choice type of humanity, largely in advance of the age in which she lived. She was above the common level.

From her autobiography, we make the following extract: "The men of my period were not the men of my ideal. I did not love them. This was the sum of my offending. When I found an object lovable—a man, coming up to my ideal of manhood, I loved as only true woman can love. The hitherto sealed fountain was opened. I had found one worthy to loose the seal. And now, from my serene abode in the higher spheres, in the simplicity and innocence of early childhood, which I still retain, I would speak a word to the damsels of earth. Squander not your soul's holiest affection on unworthy objects. Keep the treasure, your birthright inheritance, in consecration. It is of more worth to you than the universe without it. If lost, it is not regained in its pristine purity."

But what has this to do with the text? Nothing, sure. The effort to make chickens by machinery is a *fac simile* of the pious effort to make sons and daughters of God by a Trinity of masculines—an abortion.

From the sublime center of all vitality, all the way down, the feminine—the affectionate element—is *sine qua non*.

In the most advanced heavens to which we can stretch our spiritual vision, are Seraphim—feminine, as well as Cherubim—masculine angels. And what would heaven be without them?

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### IS MONEY THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL?

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ANNA E. MILLS.

We are not told that it is money, but the *love* of money that causes the greater part of the evils brought before us either by sight, rumor or through the press of the present day.

And from the annals of history we find on record that the *love* of money, to a great extent, has been the cause of evil for ages past.

But with the increased advantages of the day, and the facilities for improvement and progression on every hand, comes the increased demand for money, and many and hideous are the crimes arising from the de-



sire to obtain that which should be a blessing.

Money in the hands of men who have in their hearts truth, honor, and a love for humanity, have bestowed, and are bestowing, broad-cast over the land, noble deeds of charity and compassion, by extending help in various ways to those who need. To such agencies how great the indebtedness for the many charitable institutions with which we are so highly favored. True, on examining the statistics of asylums, children's homes, infirmaries, hospitals, in fact all benevolent institutions, we find a majority of the inmates there from a love of money, ill-gotten in some way, which has step by step led them to resort from necessity to these God-sent places of refuge. Truly, money in some hands is a blessing.

But allow me for a moment to present to you the other side of the picture in just one of its phases, and in my mind one that brings death and woe to the participants, and misery and heart-aches to the innocent. The love of the mighty dollar will prompt one man to pass to the hand of his fellow-man perhaps united to him by the ties of nature, the intoxicating cup, knowing that in it is concealed that which will deprive him of reason, and madden with frenzy his intellect and manhood; plunging him without mercy beneath the levels of all society demands, even lower than the brute creation!

He will gorgeously deck his den with the beauties of nature, accompanied by the warble of foreign birds; thus drawing within this net victims of all ages; piling in his coffers that which justly belongs to innocent childhood, or such that from compulsion are entirely helpless; thus in man's eager desire for obtaining gold, he hardens his heart, checks conscience, closes eyes and ears to the cries of those who are made destitute on account of his money drawer becoming the receptacle of the coin taken from the hand of inebriates, who, to satisfy the appetite which burns like fire within, forgets those who are near and dear to him; loses sight of firm uprightness; becomes careless and indifferent to the rights of good citizenship, filling all with whom he may come in contact with disgust and abhorrence. Why do men so

misuse our greatest blessings? Casting aside God's holy laws, hurling their own immortal souls from his presence, besides bringing others to utter desolation and want, both here and hereafter.

"But godliness with contentment is great gain." "For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can take nothing out."

"Fight the good fight of faith, being therewith content with what ye have."

*Waterlooliet, O.*

### WHAT GOOD CAN I DO NOW TO-DAY?

JACOB S. KULP.

DEAR EDITOR—I thought I would offer my mite to help build up the cause of good; thus it is I send you my simple efforts in the form of an Acrostic. If you think them worthy a place in the MANIFESTO, publish them; if not, consign them to the waste basket, and I shall be satisfied in trying each day to do what good I can.

Wherefore should the people murmur?  
Have they any cause at all?  
Are the crowd not in the error?  
Take ye heed lest ye may fall.

God is good and wise and righteous,  
Over land and sea He reigns;  
O'er the ocean and the dry land—  
Does He not His power proclaim?

Cast your bread upon the waters,  
After days it will return;  
Nothing doubting, but be cheerful;

It is not our lot to mourn.

Do not fret nor grieve nor sorrow;  
On God's providence depend;

Nor be fearful for to-morrow,—  
Only trust: God is our friend!  
We do all enjoy His favor,

Though we may not sense His care;  
O, may I receive forever,  
Divine blessings evermore;  
Amen! let each one be thankful;  
Ye who claim the Saviour's way.

Strive to grow in grace and knowledge,  
Hoping for a better day.

*Pleasant Hill, Ky.*

## Correspondence.

MT. LEBANON, N. Y., May 10, 1881.

**BELOVED MINISTRY.**—Our sisters were so well pleased with the correspondence in the May number of the *MANIFESTO*, that Sister Martha was prompted to respond to Elder Joseph. And if the Ministry feel union, she, and *we* also, would be pleased to have it find a place in June number, if it will not crowd out something more valuable.

In the love of the Gospel,  
ANTOINETTE and ANNA.

A grateful tribute to a beloved father in Israel, Elder Joseph Brackett, for his beautiful, soul-inspiring words, contributed to the May number of our monthly paper:

M. J. ANDERSON.

Ah! words of truth from living springs sent forth,

A father's blessing mingled with his love,  
Are to the soul what light is to the earth,  
Or dew and shower distilling from above.

Baptized, regenerate and exalted soul!  
True to the virgin principle, that gave  
Thy early manhood power of self control,  
And bore thee safe above sin's tidal wave.

All glorious in the resurrection life,  
A savior risen on Mount Zion's hight,  
Where earth, tumultuous in her surging  
strife,  
Can never wreck thy battlements of right.

A happy greeting from unnumbered hearts  
Flows forth like ripples on a summer sea;  
The tide of loving feeling outward starts,  
Moved by the weighty words there drop-  
ped by thee.

The golden sheaves of ripe experience  
We gather in the storehouse of the mind,  
And realize the goodly recompense  
The faithful through obedience may find.

Thy four-score years to holy service given,  
Thy consecration to a noble aim,  
Have made a record in the higher heaven,  
And placed among the saints thy hallowed  
name.

Just like the worthy patriarch of old,  
Oh! may the mantle of thy blessing fall  
On those who now thy pure example hold,  
And on truth's altar sacrifice their all.

Ah! selfish loves and vain ambition draw  
Too many souls from purposes of right;  
The carnal life all good would overawe  
And dim the brightness of fair Reason's  
light.

The cross forbidding seems to those who  
seek

The charms of pleasure's evanescent day;  
But to the innocent, the chaste and meek  
'Tis wreathed in flowers that never fade  
away.

Not vain shall prove your labors in the Lord,  
Though souls—unwise—the way of life  
shall spurn,

You shall enjoy your merited reward,  
And many yet to righteousness will turn.

Oh, may your few remaining years be  
crowned

With peace and rest, angelic and serene,  
And heavenly glory to your soul redeemed,  
When no dark clouds or shadows inter-  
vene!

With you our prayer of faith shall never  
wane;

The good you prophesy we know will  
come,

And rich will be that spiritual increase  
That yet shall bless each happy Zion home.

## DEATH OF ELDER WILLIAM REYNOLDS.

UNION VILLAGE, May 16, 1881.

DEAR ALBERT:—I know you are not in the habit of giving room in the columns of the *SHAKER MANIFESTO* for extended obituaries, but this I send you for your own pleasure—condensed as much as I am able to condense an article, and if any small portion thereof can be editorially appropriated, insert; if not, not. Elder William Reynolds, was born April 4, 1815. His parents were of Irish descent, but he was born on one of the Ionian Islands, and spoke the Greek language for twelve or fourteen years of his younger days. He embraced Shakerism in 1837, being then twenty-one years of age. Ever since he became a believer he has been thoroughly upright, sincere and uncompromising in his obedience to the principles, teachings and doctrines of Christ and Mother, and exceedingly exacting with himself to keep every order and regulation of the Institution. His was a pure, unspotted virgin life—rigidly conformed to personal purity and practical

righteousness. His zeal for the welfare of Zion never flagged, and his anxiety for her prosperity in matters temporal and eternal knew no rest nor intermission. It has even been supposed that his excessive solicitude broke down his nervous system finally, and was, to say the least, an indirect cause of his so sudden and early death. It was said at his funeral that one could look in no direction on the premises of U. V. without seeing the labors of Elder Wm., and it is generally conceded that he had very superior taste and talent in architectural design and arrangement. Very many expressions of love, thanks and eulogy were united in at the funeral, which was very solemn; and we hope, peculiarly blessed to many if not all present thereat.

This I have written you at the request of Elder Matthew Carter, and perhaps a few of the most important points herein mentioned may be found worthy of insertion.

Yours truly,

O. C. HAMPTON.

### Editorial.

#### THE REVISED NEW TESTAMENT.

Through the enterprise and kindness of our friends, I. K. Funk & Co., 10 and 12 Dey street, New York, we have been favored with an early copy of the Revised New Testament. In it may be perceived many changes both verbal and syntactical. But for all the more good it will do toward leading men and women to live better, more like Him of whom it so ardently treats, we have our serious doubts. True, it leads us to know of the better rendering of Jesus' words; as for instance, "Take no thought," etc., we have rendered, "Be not over-anxious regarding the morrow," etc. What we want is a revision of *men's lives* in accordance with what has been long known to be the very grandest life on

record—the *life* of Jesus Christ. What we want is a revision of men's thoughts *from the death of Jesus*, and *toward the life of Christ*—two vastly different themes. Let the death of Jesus go; but let the life of Christ grow more universally among the people. Then, regardless of verbal and syntactical revisions of the good, old book, we will have *living, walking, working revisions*, in the newly-inspired disciples of the Lord, to-day.

Away, then, with the dead letter, in the presence of the living spirit, working among the people. Away with all forms that only hinder the flow of the spirit, and cause false hopes by improper renderings. The only hope for the people, in salvation from their sins, is in *the life*, not death of Jesus. And with *that*, revisions of New Testaments are comparatively worthless.

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#### THE CHRISTIAN MODEL.

For more than eighteen hundreds of years there has been presented to the world, called Christian, a character, which for beauty, for love, for justice, for exceeding humanity and approach unto godliness has, and had never before been equaled. Our so-called Christian world has not wanted eloquent reminders that this beautiful character once lived, and should now live in the memories and in the lives of Christian followers to-day. That there have been many tangents made to suit the conveniences of human passions, whereby the complete following of the most illustrious model could be conveniently avoided, and with an apparent show of reason, the theological Baby-

lon of numerous creeds, unlike the simple Christ's, bear ample testimony.

"*I am the way*" still stands; "*I am the life*" you should live, is resplendent with Christian testimony; "*I am the truth*" you should learn as Christians—and learn this truth to live it—is a brilliant and eternal reminder to those who would be Christians. We say eloquent reminders of the most beautiful model have not been wanting—reminders from the most eloquent tongues of grandest human natures. The brilliant, popular theological stars of both the new and the old world vie with each other in magnifying the perfection of the Christian model—Jesus Christ. We are proud of these brilliant linguists; we are very grateful to them for pleasing our hearings and satisfying our understandings of what a beautiful nature was Christ's. We admit it passes our comprehension how the model for all Christians could be better magnified. But brethren, Spurgeon, Beecher, Talmadge, Thomas, Moody, etc., etc., up to hundreds, why talk of the beautiful model so extravagantly and not live it more personally? Why talk of Christ and not live like Christ? The grand need of the world to-day is to have some grandest of nature's noblemen—astute in all the elements of perfect, physical manhood and womanhood—combining therewith the spiritual beauties of the unworldly Christ—to live like the Christ—be modern models of the same beautiful pattern. Must we be ever fed on talk? Is not talk, without the walking after the model, simply husks?

Can we not induce some and many

of the strong men and women to be our modern models of what the Christ of old was? "Oh, that the Christ would come!" Oh, that the determination to live like the model Christ would seize upon the many noble men and women who now are serving self rather than Christ! Let there be a growing determination that Christ may walk to-day in numerous models in equal perfection of olden times, and there will be the dawning of a millennium sung of, hoped for, and now approached. True, there will be a tremendous exercise of denial to selfishness; a new world will open to those who will to be like Christ; the *old* "will pass away with great noise;" the *new* will enter with great hope for the world. The beautiful model is still brilliantly apparent. How many will join hands and hearts not only to admire but to live truly like unto it?

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#### WHAT ANSWER?

We ask, with positive composure, "What do the churches think of Christ?" The Shaker church is in a great minority, numerically speaking, and the reasons therefor are apparent. The obligations it imposes on its members, without exception, are such that only a few *are able and willing to receive* them. Yet these obligations are none other than preached and practiced by the Christ. The popular churches look with disdain and derision upon the sparse membership of the Shaker church, as though there was the first reason for one such look. If the question of what is right depended upon popularity and numbers the followers of Confucius and Ma-

homet could claim the precedence in righteousness. If paucity of numbers positively indicated a want of the truth as found in Christ, then indeed would the Shaker church be poor indeed, unworthy of notice, if not worthy of derision. Still this church has quite a goodly number of ardent advocates, and who would rise to the dignity of their profession to question their contemporaries.

When you deride the *virgin celibacy* taught by the Shaker church, do you deride the *virgin celibacy* of Jesus, the Christ? What answer?

As followers of Christ, how nearly do those called Christians pattern the master in this respect? Having made a sacrament of matrimony, who gave the authority to do so under the Christian dispensation? If any say the life and example and testimony of Jesus in this respect was an error, why not discard Christianity itself? Is celibacy unnatural? Jesus declared it to be heavenly, and to compose the heavens. "Thy will be done on earth, as in heaven." We might ask *what answer*, to several as prominent questions. In regard to the non-resistance, the unretaliation of the Christ—the radical peace advocate.

Do the churches generally discountenance war under any and all circumstances? What say the army chaplains?

In regard to the principle of the non-possession of selfish, personal property, how stand the churches upon this question—"and none possessed aught he called his own." We ask what answers the churches have to make as reasonable excuses for professing a following after Christ, yet

walking after their own inclinations, and in nothing resembling the pattern? We assert Christ's life as most right—as only right for Christians to practice; as a heavenly practice on the earth; and whoever makes the profession of Christianity should live like Christ's life. If any are unwilling or unable to live like the self-denying pattern, let him renounce the profession and the title, yielding these to those who are able and willing. We ask the churches wherein the Church, called Shaker, merits any more derision for its peculiar teachings than does the life of Christ. What answer?

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#### EDITORIAL NOTES.

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##### OUR PRESENT ISSUE

Will be found a very valuable and thoughtful one. Freighted with so many wholesome truths from so many of our foremost and valued contributors, we sail among the seas of error and reason courageously. Ponder well, friends, the beautiful logic of him who writes "SOUL TRAVEL," it is worth the time, and will not soon be forgotten. What will the people think now of what constitutes a Christian's "Willing Obedience?" And we wonder how the people will regard our old pioneer and battle-axe—who stands so straight for progress, as almost to appear to lean to the other side! Brave Elder Evans—not afraid of progress though approaching his four-score years! Nevertheless, we have heard of successful "Hatching chickens by machinery." We wonder did Newton, Herschell, Mitchell, or Proctor ever pay a prettier tribute to



"The Solar System," than has our talented Shaker Girl? "The root of all evil" leads to the consideration of evil ways of getting filthy lucre; and bids do so no more to everybody.

Our music is a familiar tune, applied to original words by some of our Mt. Lebanon brethren—how admirably it applies to the words! Sing, friends, sing it. Elder Joseph Brackett gets a benefit in this number; and he is worthy of it. We ask especial attention to our cover, as we have only the most reliable firms illustrated thereon, and they can be relied on. After reading this number, friends, pass it to your neighbor—let the good things move broad-cast.

#### MOTHER DOLLY.

The pleasant feature of very advanced age, 105 years, meeting in harmony with those of five years and similar, will be read with great pleasure by many. Mother Dolly came to the Shakers on her fifth birthday, and celebrated not only the beginning of her 106th year, but her hundredth anniversary as a Shakeress.

#### ELDER WILLIAM REYNOLDS.

Every one will feel surprised and sorrowful at the news of Elder Wm. REYNOLDS' demise. We acknowledge being shocked; and we wonder at the inscrutable ways that take away so valuable a man at such an early age.

It isn't loud praying that counts with the Lord so much as giving four quarts for every gallon, sixteen ounces for a pound, and thirty-six inches to the yard; in fact, doing to others as we would be done by.

## The Children's Grotto.

### RESISTED.

Four young men, clerks and students, while on a summer vacation tramp through Northern New England, engaged for a guide to a certain romantic forest waterfall a boy named Forrest Graves. Forrest was a fine, athletic fellow, who could outwalk and outclimb any amateur in the mountains, and his moral courage was quite equal to his physical health and strength.

After he had guided the young men to the waterfall, and they had satisfied themselves with sight-seeing, they invited him to lunch with them.

"Thank you, I have my own lunch;" and the boy went away by himself. Later, when full justice had been done to their repast, and a flask of brandy had furnished each of the young men with a stimulating draught, Graves was called.

"You must drink with us, if you will not eat with us," now said the owner of the flask, and the most reckless of the party.

"No, sir, thank you," was the boy's courteous response.

"But I shall insist upon it."

"You can do as you please, and I shall do as I please."

The young man sprang to his feet, and with a bound stood beside the boy, too much absorbed in his own purpose to heed the quivering lips and flashing eyes of another.

"Now you are bound to try my brandy; I always rule."

"You can't rule me."

These words were scarcely uttered when the flask was seized and hurled into the stream, where the clinking of glass betrayed its utter destruction. Then a clear, defiant tone rang out:

"I did it in self-defense. You had no right to tempt me. My father was once a rich and honorable man, but he died a miserable drunkard, and my mother came here to live to keep me away from liquor till I should be old enough to take care of myself. I have promised her a hundred times

I wouldn't taste it, and I'd die before I'd break my promise."

"Bravely said. Forgive me, and let us shake hands. My mother would be a happy woman if I was as brave as you: I wouldn't tempt you to do wrong. I shall never forget you, nor the lesson you have taught me."

The most reckless was the most generous, and seeing his error apologized frankly.

How many boys need to be kept from strong drink; and, alas, how many men and women! Who dares tempt them? Let it not be you and I. — *Youth's Companion.*

#### FOUR GOOD RULES.

One is: always look at the person you speak to. When you are addressed, look straight at the person who speaks to you.

Another is; speak your words distinctly. Do not mutter or mumble. If your words are worth uttering, they are worth pronouncing clearly and distinctly.

Another is: do not say disagreeable things. If you have nothing pleasant to say, keep silent.

A fourth is—and, children, remember it all your lives—think three times before you speak once.

Have you something to do that you find hard and would prefer not to do? Then listen: Do the hard things first, and get over with them.

A MINISTER was once addressing children from the parable of the rich man and Lazarus. He showed them the poverty and wretchedness of Lazarus and the ease and luxury of the rich man on earth, and then the bliss of Lazarus and the misery of Dives in the world to come. He asked them which of the two they would like to be. A little boy said: "Please, I would like to be the rich man on earth, but Lazarus in heaven."

That is the way with some grown-up children; they want to be Dives here, and enjoy the good things of Mammon, and a safe

home in Abraham's bosom after they cannot hold on to Mammon any longer. But this is God's test of our love for Him. If it were not for this test heaven itself might be spoiled by the presence of self-deceiving hypocrites, but this sifts out the chaff.

READ AND PONDER.—A muddy stream, flowing into one clear and sparkling, for a time rolls along by itself. A little further down they unite, and the whole is impure. So youth, untouched by sin, may for a time keep its purity in foul company, but a little later and they become impure altogether.

A BOY who is polite to his father and mother is likely to be polite to every one else. A boy lacking politeness to his parents may have the semblance of courtesy in society, but is never truly polite in spirit, and is in danger, as he becomes familiar, of betraying his real want of courtesy. We are all in danger of living too much for the outside world, for the impression which we make in society, coveting the good opinions of those who are in a sense part of themselves, and who will continue to sustain and be interested in us, notwithstanding these defects of deportment and character. We say to every boy and to every girl, cultivate the habit of courtesy and propriety at home—in the sitting-room and the kitchen as well as in the parlor, and you will be sure in other places to deport yourself in a becoming and attractive manner. When one has a pleasant smile and a graceful demeanor it is a satisfaction to know that these are not put on, but that they belong to the character, and are manifest at all times and under all circumstances.

SOME one has impressively said: "There are two kinds of difficulties over which we should not worry, the one is those things which we can't help, for it does no good the other is those we can remedy, for it is infinitely better to betake ourselves to the work of overcoming the difficulties rather wearing out our spirits, minds, bodies, and reputations, by worrying over them."

## MOTHER DOLLY SAXTON'S VISIT WITH THE CHILDREN ON HER BIRTHDAY.

*The Centenarian Shakeress One Hundred and Five Years Old.*

BY ELEANOR POTTER.

On the sixth of May, 1881, the little girls, ten in number, with their caretaker came to pay Mother Dolly a visit. They gathered around her and desired a blessing from her. She gave them the following advice: "Children, I am glad that you have come to see me; I hope you will all be good and make useful sisters in Mother's gospel; and if you want to be happy when you be, come advanced in life, as I am, you must do as I have done. You must be respectful to your teachers and instructors, loving and kind to each other, not quarrelsome nor cross. Be condescending one to another. I want you to remember what I now say: *Little children, love one another and be happy. I love you all.*" They all then kneeled down and she took each one by the hand and bestowed on them a parent's love and blessing. She told them she had been a Shaker one hundred years and had been saved from sin, and she felt thankful and happy, and they could all be very happy if they would be good. She had previously received a present of some raisins; these were divided into ten packages, and she then gave them to the children with her own hands. They returned their kind thanks for her good counsel and pretty present; then each greeted her with a kiss of love and affection, promising always to be good and bade her adieu.

"How do you like the Episcopalian service?" asked Jones. "Never heard it," replied Fogg; "I dropped in at one of the churches last Sunday. It was quite early, and so I began reading the service. I didn't read far, though, before I found that it would never do for me. So I came out." "Why, what was the trouble?" "Too many collections." "Too many collections?" "Yes, on almost every page it said 'collect.' One collection is all I can afford to respond to. Must be awfully expensive to be an Episcopalian.—*Boston Transcript.*

## Society Record.

### DECEASED :

At South Union, Ky., April 27, POLLY RANKIN, aged 74 years.

Our Shirley Shaker friends have to record the death of another of their aged members — Sister HULDAH WHEELER, formerly of Vermont — but for thirty-two years a resident in the society. She died on Monday, the 25th of April, having just passed the seventy-fifth anniversary of her birth.

At Mt. Lebanon, N. Y., May 12, PHEBE SMITH, aged 70 years.

At Harvard, Mass., May 19, LUCY A. HAMMOND, aged 88.

### RECEIVED :

Charles Clapp.....	\$10 80
Aug. Blase .....	18 00

We all love to hear good things said of us, and we are particularly anxious *so to hear of our contributors.* THE YOUTHS' MIRROR, a sprightly and golden monthly, Altoona, Pa., makes us color a little when it so goodly says :

THE SHAKER MANIFESTO, for April, is more than ever an intelligent and powerful advocate of the truth. "Mental Fotografy," by Catharine Allen, sets forth some startling ideas. "A Letter to Jesus," by Grace Eddy, is a touching and beautiful piece of poetry. The issue for May is also interesting. "Better and Better," by Wm. H. Bussell, points out plainly the truths the author seeks to convey. "Harmony of God's Universe," is by our favorite, Antoinette Doolittle, who, we think, belies her name. We are very much in love with the MANIFESTO, which we now receive regularly.

It is an old and true saying that opportunity has hair in front, but is bald behind. If you catch her by the forelock you can hold her, but if you wait till she gets by, your hand slips and she is gone.

## Home Topics.

**HOW TO PRESERVE THE TEETH.**—The following directions for the care of the teeth have been issued by the medical committee of the National Dental Hospital, London:

1. The teeth should be cleaned at least once a day, the best time being night—the last thing. For this purpose use a soft brush, on which take a little soap, and then some prepared chalk, brushing up and down and across. There is rarely any objection to the friction causing the gum to bleed slightly.

2. Avoid all rough usage of the teeth, such as cracking nuts, biting thread, etc., as by so doing even good, sound teeth may be injured.

3. When decay is first observed advice should be sought. It is the stopping in a small hole that is of the greatest service, though not unfrequently a large filling preserves the teeth for years.

4. It is of the greatest importance that children from four years and upward should have their teeth frequently examined by the dental surgeon, to see that the first set, particularly the back teeth, are not decaying too early, and to have the opportunity of timely treatment for the regulation and preservation of the second set.

5. Children should be taught to rinse the mouth night and morning, and to begin the use of the tooth-brush early (likewise the toothpick).

6. With regard to the food of children, to those who are old enough, whole meal, bread, porridge and milk should be given. This is much more wholesome and substantial food than white bread.

7. If the foregoing instructions were carried out comparatively few teeth would have to be extracted.

**HEALTH HINTS.**—Gentian root is said to be a tobacco antidote. Buy two ounces or more of Gentian root, coarsely ground. Take as much of it after each meal, or oftener, as amounts to a common quid of "fine-cut." Chew it slowly and swallow

the juice. Continue this a few weeks and you will conquer the appetite for tobacco.

To stop a flow of blood, take the fine dust of tea, or the scrapings of the inside of tanned leather; bind it upon the wound closely, and blood will soon cease to flow. After the blood has ceased to flow laudanum may be applied to the wound. Due regard to these instructions will save agitation of mind running for a surgeon, who probably will make no better prescription if present than this.

**WHAT THE MICROSCOPE SAYS.**—Insects of various kinds may be seen in the cavities of a grain of sand.

Mould is a forest of beautiful trees, with the branches, leaves and fruit.

Butterflies are fully feathered.

Hairs are hollow tubes.

The surface of our bodies is covered with scales like a fish; a single grain of sand would cover 150 of these scales, and yet a scale covers 500 pores. Through these narrow openings the perspiration forces itself like water through a sieve.

Each drop of stagnant water contains a world of living creatures swimming with as much liberty as whales in the sea.

Each leaf has a colony of insects grazing on it like cows on a meadow.

Yes, even the ugliest plant that grows shows some remarkable property when closely examined.

**A CURE FOR SICK HEADACHE.**—This complaint is the result of eating too much and exercising too little. Often the cause is that the stomach is not able to digest the food last introduced into it, either from its having been unsuitable or excessive in quantity. It is said a diet of bread and butter, with ripe fruits or berries, with moderate, continuous exercise in the open air sufficient to keep up a gentle perspiration, would cure almost every case in a short time. To drink two teaspoonfuls of powdered charcoal in half a glass of water generally gives instant relief. The above sovereign remedies may do in some but not in all cases. A sovereign remedy for this ailment is not easily found. Sick headache is periodical, and is the signal of distress which the stomach raises to

inform us that there is an over-alkaline condition of its fluids; that it needs a natural acid to restore the battery to its normal working condition. When the first symptoms of a headache appear, take a teaspoonful of clear lemon juice fifteen minutes before each meal and the same dose at bedtime; follow this up until all symptoms are passed, taking no other remedies, and you will soon be able to go free from your unwelcome nuisance. Many will object to this because the remedy is too simple, but many cures have been effected in this way. —*Boston Transcript*.

A "DROP" is a variable quantity, although many people never think about this fact. The *Journal of Chemistry* says that the largest drop is formed by syrup of gum-arabic, 44 to the dram, and the smallest by chloroform, 250 to the dram. As a general rule, tinctures, fluid extracts and essential oils yield a drop less than one-half the size of water, and acids and solutions give a drop but slightly smaller than water.

The following recipe for "tomato soup" is always timely, as canned tomatoes can be used in place of those growing in season:

#### TOMATO SOUP.

One pint of canned tomatoes or four large raw ones, cut up fine. Add one quart of boiling water, and let them boil ten minutes, or until done. Remove from the stove and stir in one teaspoonful of soda. While foaming add one pint of sweet milk, salt and pepper and a small piece of butter. To be eaten hot with crackers, like oyster soup, to which it is almost equal. — M. G. R.

**HOW TO COOK POTATOES.**—There are two ways of boiling potatoes — both are good. The first fashion is to put them into well salted cold water: having let them boil until they are nearly done, pour off nearly all the water, set them back on the fire, cover, and let them steam until thoroughly done. Take off the cover, and let them stay a moment or two to evaporate the moisture.

The other way is to drop the potatoes into enough boiling water to cover them, and as soon as they are done pour off the water entirely and put back on the range to evapo-

rate the moisture; put the cover on the kettle so that about a quarter of the mouth is left open to the air. When boiled in their skins a tiny piece should be cut from the end of each potato. They must boil from thirty to thirty-five minutes. Always select potatoes as nearly of a size as possible.

New potatoes, with delicate skins, should not be pared for boiling. Take a sharp, thin knife and scrape off the skins. In the country new potatoes, just brought in from the garden, do not even need scraping; a few smart turns with a rough-textured cloth take off the fine skin in a twinkling. But the dwellers in towns don't get these ideal potatoes.

For perfect mashed potatoes, pare and boil them as above, and after every trace of the water has evaporated, mash them with your pestal still in the kettle over the fire; they are naught if not kept hot. Get out every suggestion of a lump, and as you mash put in a generous quantity of fresh butter, and, if you have it, some cream — if not cream, enough milk to make the potato rich and moist. Salt it to taste, and serve fresh and hot piled up and smoothed over in a hot dish with a little black pepper sifted on top. Mashed potato which has stood on the stove for a while before serving is poor stuff. If you want the top brown, hold over it a salamander or a very hot stove lid — don't push the dish into the oven; that only makes the contents watery. —*Exchange*.

**TO MAKE COPYGRAPH PAD.**—Take gelatine, 1 oz.; Glycerine, 6 1-4 fluid ounces (Cooper's gelatine, and pure concentrated glycerine, answer well). Soak the gelatine over night in cold water, and add the swelled gelatine to the glycerine, heated to about 200° Fahrenheit, over a salt-water-bath. Continue the heating for several hours, to expel the water as much as possible. Then pour the clear solution into a shallow pan, or on a piece of cardboard, placed on a level table, and having its edge turned up about 1-8 or 1-4 of an inch all around, to retain the mixture, and let remain for six hours or more, protected from dust. To use it: Rub over the surface a sponge slightly moistened with water, and let it nearly dry before making the first transfer. —*Boston Journal of Chemistry*.



## FARM AND GARDEN.

**ONIONS.**—From our own experience and the observation of others, we can fully indorse the testimony of the St. Louis *Miller* of the healthful properties of the above esculent. Lung and liver complaints are certainly benefited, often cured, by a free consumption of onions, either cooked or raw. Colds yield to them like magic. Don't be afraid of them. Taken at night, all offense will be wanting by morning, and the good effects will amply compensate for the trifling annoyance. Taken regularly, they greatly promote the health of the lungs and the digestive organs. An extract made by boiling down the juice of onions to a syrup, and taken as a medicine, answers the purpose very well; but fried, roasted or boiled onions are better. Onions are a very cheap medicine, within everybody's reach; and they are not by any means as "bad to take" as the costly nostrums a neglect of their use may necessitate.—*Scientific American*.

**SCRATCHES OR CRACKED HEELS IN HORSES.**—A Canadian correspondent gives the following simple remedy for scratches in horses: "Having tried many lotions, etc., only to obtain temporary relief for my horse, I concluded to try a mixture of flour of sulphur and glycerine, which I mixed into a paste, using sufficient glycerine to give it a glossy appearance; and the results I obtained in a short time were truly wonderful. I apply this paste at night, and in the morning before going out I apply plain glycerine."

**SWEET CORN FOR FODDER.**—Farmers all over the country are becoming convinced of the great value of sweet corn for fodder, not only for use in summer, but, when cured, for winter. We have long used it, and prefer it to the common field sorts, and think it better in every way. It is now time to prepare for sowing corn in drills, as well as planting in hills, and it will cost no more to raise sweet corn for seed another year than other sorts. All the farmer needs is a few quarts of seed to start with, if he cannot afford to purchase a larger quantity. But

sown corn of some kind should find a place on every farm because there is seldom a season in which the pasture will not partially fail during a few weeks, if not longer, and then the fodder corn comes in very opportunely as green food.

**SHEARING SHEEP.**—Early shearing is considered best by most flock masters, and the rule is to begin the operation without delay as soon as the weather will permit. Sheep are usually relieved of their coats by hand-shearing, tedious and hard work for both man and beast, but care on the part of the operator greatly reduces the inconvenience and suffering to which the animals are subjected afterward. It pays in every sense of the word to handle the sheep carefully and to avoid slashing into flesh as well as wool. There are machines in the market which cut the fleece evenly and shear about ten sheep per hour.

Before shearing, all dirt and straw should be removed from the sheep's feet, and any matted tags and locks of wool that require washing, cut off. Shearing is sometimes done on a bench or platform, but the usual plan is to set the sheep on the rump on a smooth, clean floor. The wool is now sheared from its neck and fore-shoulders, then the animal is laid upon one side and the upper side sheared, then turned over and the wool removed from the other side. Good sharp shears are necessary to a rapid and perfect performance of the work, and great care is required to shear the wool reasonably close without cutting the skin. A good shearer does not make second cuts; the fact that wool had been left by the first cut is evidence that the shears were not properly held, and the wool removed by the second cut is worthless. It therefore is to the farmer's interest that skillful shearers be employed for this important work. When a sheep has received injury by unavoidable cuts in shearing it is advised that tar be smeared over the injured places to prevent flesh flies from depositing their eggs.

The loss of their woolly coats is seriously felt by sheep for the first few days, and then it is that many diseases are incurred. At this critical period the animals ought to be

sheltered, not only during storms, but at night, until there has been time for their systems to become adapted to the change and the weather is quite warm and settled.

### VOICE OF PEACE.

#### *Extracts.*

A full estimate of the expenses, wastes of time, damages, derangement of business, and actual losses during our four years' war would amount to twenty-five thousand millions dollars. This sum, if divided among the inhabitants both North and South, would give five hundred dollars to each person!

War reverses, with respect to its objects, all the principles of morality. It is a temporary repeal of the claims of virtue, and includes nearly all the vices.

Napoleon allowed no chaplain in his army; and was accustomed to say, the worse the man, the better the soldier! The Duke of Wellington is reported to have said: "Men of nice scruples about religion have no business in the army."

A Secretary of War in the United States once observed: "It will never do to give up the use of ardent spirits in the army and navy, for no one enlists when they are sober."—(*Peace Lecture, Zebulon P. White.*)

War is a school of profanity. For soldiers to swear, is considered by some a mark of gallantry. \* \* \*. The present armament of Europe numbers over ten millions of men; the manhood of the country, trained to arms, involving an expenditure of two thousand million dollars yearly; causing wholesale emigration from bondage; conspiracies and assassinations, which threaten the foundations of society.

An army bill is before Congress, recommending, among other improvements, that all schools and colleges having one hundred and fifty boys may call on the War Department, and shall be furnished with educated officers of the regular army, to drill the boys in the art of war!

### CHOICE SELECTIONS.

#### CAUSES OF WAR.

A certain king sent to another king saying: "Send me a blue pig with a black tail or else —." The other replied, "I have not got one, and if I had —"

On this weighty cause they went to war. After they had exhausted their armies and resources, and laid waste their kingdoms, they began to wish to make peace; but before this could be done it was necessary that the insulting language that led to the trouble should be explained. "What could you mean?" asked the second king of the first by saying "send me a blue pig with a black tail, or else —?" "Why," said the other, "I meant a blue color." "But what could you mean by saying, 'I have not got one, and if I had —'?" "Why, of course if I had I should have sent it." The explanation was satisfactory, and the peace was accordingly concluded. The story of the two kings ought to serve as a lesson to us all. Most of the quarrels between individuals are quite as foolish as the war of the blue pig with a black tail.

FEAR NOT.—There is nothing like being stout-hearted in the midst of difficulties. Some men give up at the slightest opposition, while others become grandly enraged by opposition, and wrest the victory from unwilling fortune. "If I have lost the rings, here are the fingers still," said the bold Spaniard, and into the fray he went again.

AN honest opinion is oftenest given when the speaker is a bit angry. In your placid mood it may be a little difficult to say a disagreeable thing, but when you are suddenly roused by a piece of impertinence the disagreeable thing jerks itself out and is said before you know it. That was a very pointed and possibly a very wholesome bit of sarcasm when a gentleman turned suddenly on a coxcomb who had been making himself offensive, and said: "Sir, you ought to be the happiest man in the world: you are in love with yourself, and you have no rival."

## THE SKEIN WE WIND.

GEORGE KLINGLE.

If you and I, to-day  
Should stop and lay  
Our life-work down, and let our hands fall  
where they will—

Fall down to lie quite still—  
And if some other hand should come, and  
stoop to find  
The threads we carried, so that it could  
wind,  
Beginning where we stopped; if it should  
come to keep

Our life-work going; seek  
To carry on the good design  
Distinctively made yours, or mine,  
What would we find?  
Some work we must be doing, true or false;  
Some threads we wind; some purpose so ex-  
alts  
Itself that we look up to it, or down,

As to a crown  
To bow before, and we weave threads  
Of different lengths and thickness—some  
mere shreds—

And wind them round  
Till all the skein of life is bound,  
Sometimes forgetting at the task  
To ask  
The value of the threads, or choose  
Strong stuff to use.  
No hand but winds *some* thread;  
It cannot stand quite still till it is dead,  
But what it spins and winds a little skein  
God made each hand for work—not toil stain  
Is required, but every hand  
Spins, though but ropes of sand.

If Love should come,  
Stooping above when we are done,  
To find bright threads  
That we have held, that it may spin them  
longer—find but shreds

That break when touched, how cold,  
Sad, shivering, portionless, the hands will  
hold

The broken strands and know  
Fresh cause for woe.

*Christian Union.*

## SOLID WORDS.

Ignorance is the mother of all evils.  
Common sense is not a common thing.  
Constancy in mistakes is constant folly.  
A good character shines by its own light.  
No man can be wise on an empty stomach.  
Nothing is so good as it seems before-  
hand.

He who has lost his honor can lose noth-  
ing more.

Love dies of disgust and is buried by  
oblivion.

One ungrateful man injures all that are in  
distress.

Politeness is the expression or imitation  
of social virtues.

No conflict is so severe as his who labors  
to subdue himself.

In love there are no treaties of peace; there  
are only truces.

A grand safeguard for doing right is to  
hate all that is wrong.

In the world there are so few voices and  
so many echoes.

True merit is like a river—the deeper it  
is the less noise it makes.

Favors of every kind are doubted when  
they are speedily conferred.— *Philadelphia  
Republic.*

## A WOMAN'S SONG TO WOMAN.

Pull the needle, swing the broom,  
Tidy up the littered room,  
Patch the trousers, darn the shirt,  
Fight the daily dust and dirt;  
All around you trust your skill,  
Confident of kindness still.

Stir the gruel, knead the bread;  
Tax your hands, and heart, and head;  
Children sick and household hungry;  
(Though some thoughtless words have  
stung you),  
All are waiting on your will,  
Confident of kindness still.

Never mind the glance oblique,  
Never cause of coldness seek,  
Never notice slight or frown,  
By your conduct live them down;  
All at last will seek your skill,  
Confident of kindness still.

Lift your heart and lift your eyes,  
Let continual prayer arise;  
Think of all the Saviour's wo  
When he walked with man below,  
How poor sinners sought his skill,  
Confident of kindness still.

Sing the song and tell the story  
Of the Saviour's coming glory,  
To the children whom He blesses  
With your guidance and caresses,  
Who for all things wait your will  
Confident of kindness still.

Feed the hungry and the weak,  
Words of cheer and comfort speak,  
Be the angel of the poor,  
Teach them bravely to endure,  
Show them this, the Father's will,  
Confident of kindness still.

Gratitude may be your lot,  
Then be thankful; but if not,  
Are you better than your Lord  
Who endured the cross and sword  
From those very hands whose skill  
Waited ever on His will?

Noble is a life of care  
If a holy zeal be there;  
All your little deeds of love  
Heavenward helps at last may prove,  
If you seek your Father's will,  
Trusting in His kindness still.

### THE GENUS HOMO.

The average weight of an adult man is 140 pounds 6 ounces.

The average weight of a skeleton is 14 pounds.

The number of bones, 200.

The skeleton measures one inch less than the height of the living man.

The average weight of the brain of a man is  $3\frac{1}{2}$  pounds; of a woman, 2 pounds 11 ounces.

The brain of a man exceeds twice that of any other animal.

The average height of an Englishman is 5 feet 9 inches; of a Frenchman, 5 feet 4 inches, and of a Belgian, 5 feet  $6\frac{1}{2}$  inches.

The average weight of an Englishman is 150 pounds; of a Frenchman, 136 pounds, and of a Belgian, 140 pounds.

The average number of teeth is 31.

A man breathes about 20 times in a minute, or 1,200 times in an hour.

A man breathes about eighteen pints of air in a minute, or upwards of seven hogsheads in a day.

A man gives about 4.08 per cent carbonic gas of the air he respires; respires 10,666 cubic feet of carbonic acid gas in 24 hours; consumes 10,667 cubic feet of oxygen in 24 hours, equal to 125 cubic inches of common air.

A man annually contributes to vegetation 124 pounds of carbon.

The average of the pulse in infancy is 120

per minute; in manhood, 80; at sixty years, 60. The pulse of females is more frequent than that of males.

The weight of the circulating blood is about 28 pounds.

The heart beats 75 times in a minute; sends nearly 10 pounds of blood through the veins and arteries each beat; makes four beats while we breathe once.

540 pounds, or 1 hoghead 1 1-4 pints, of blood pass through the heart in one hour.

12,000 pounds, or 24 hogheads 4 gallons, or 10,782 1-2 pints, pass through the heart in 24 hours.

1,000 ounces of blood pass through the kidneys in one hour.

174,000,000 holes or cells are in the lungs, which would cover a surface thirty times greater than the human body.—*Journal of Health.*

### KEEPING THE HEAD CLEAN.

A distinguished physician, who had spent much time at quarantine, said that a person whose head was thoroughly washed every day, rarely took contagious disease; but where the hair was allowed to become dirty and matted, it was hardly possible to escape infection. Many persons find speedy relief for nervous headache by washing the hair thoroughly in warm water. I have known severe cases almost wholly cured in ten minutes by this simple remedy. A friend finds it the greatest relief in cases of "rare cold," the cold symptoms entirely leaving the eyes and nose after one thorough washing of the hair. The head should be thoroughly dried afterward, and not exposed to draughts of air for a little while.

### "ISMS."

Isms, like arsenic, are good in their place, but an "ism" is as poor a substitute for religion as arsenic is for bread. We have nothing to say against a man's showing a strong love for the church of his choice; we have no fault to find if he regularly attends his own church and is tremendously energetic in his efforts to increase her efficiency,

yet we would rather a man would not work for *his church* or for *the church*, but for a church of Christ. Here is a distinction that ought not to be overlooked. There is a difference between religious and selfish, or sectarian zeal. Many an earnest worker for *his church* has very little love for the Master's cause or for the souls of men. The most charitable words that can be spoken to religious bigots are those which Christ addressed to his disciples when they desired to call down fire from heaven and burn up the inhospitable Samaritans: "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of." Christ's love reached out to the whole world. His religion was for all nations and classes. He preached no "ism," but the universal fatherhood of God to man and sonhood of man to God. He called all Christians "brethren of one master." Any spirit not in harmony with the spirit of Christ's teachings, can not be of God, and such a spirit will be sure to bear bitter fruit.—*Church Mirror*.

### THE WAY TO HEALTH.

The only true way to health is that which common sense dictates to man. Live within the bounds of reason. Eat moderately, drink temperately, sleep regularly, avoid excess in anything, and preserve a conscience "void of offense." Some men eat themselves to death, some drink themselves to death, some wear out their lives by indolence, and some by over-exertion; others are killed by the doctors, while not a few sink into the grave under the effects of vicious and beastly practices. All the medicines in creation are not worth a farthing to a man who is constantly and habitually violating the laws of his own nature. All the medical science in the world cannot save him from a premature grave. With a suicidal course of conduct, he is planting the seed of decay in his own constitution, and accelerating the destruction of his own life.—*Scientific American*.

I look upon indolence as a sort of suicide, for the man is effectually destroyed, though the appetite of the brute may survive.—*Chesterfield*.

A HOG, an abomination to a Mohammedan, walked into the open door of a mosque one day, and ran all about the building before he could be driven out. The temple was horribly defiled to the minds of the faithful. What could be done? The priest explained that the mosque was so holy that the hog became a lamb all the time he was in, but a hog again when he went out. This theory satisfied all. Those priests are about as ingenious as some of our modern preachers, who think the lottery business is all right in a church house, but a terrible sin in any other house.

Good advice is given Congress by the *Philadelphia Times*, which says the members had better pray during the session and thus save the country much trouble. Most of them probably know as little of prayer as of national matters, and it would be necessary to appoint a clergyman speaker to keep them in order. It is said that Ben Hill bet Alexander Stephens five dollars the latter could not say the Lord's prayer. When Stephens took the bet and began, "Now I lay me down to sleep," Hill said, "Here's your money Stephens, I've lost."

ALL DEAD.—Have you ever read "The Ancient Mariner!" I dare say you thought it one of the strangest imaginations ever put together. Dead men pulling the rope, dead men steering. But do you know I have lived to see that time, to have seen it done? I have gone in to churches, and have seen a dead man in the pulpit, a dead man as deacon, a dead man handling the plate, and dead men sitting to hear.

SUGGESTIVELY TRUE.—A Northern minister was introduced to a colored minister, and inquired after his work: "I preach, sah, on Colonel Gordon's plantation." "How many colored people have you there?"

"Well, sah, 'bout a hundred and seventy-five." "And how many have you in church?" "Dat 'pends, sah, altogether on de time ob year. In de vival time dey's all members; in de backsliden times, dere's nobody members but Uncle Billy and old Aunt Katy."



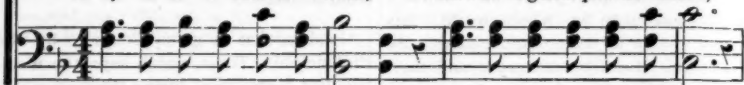
## GENTLE DEEDS.

WORDS MT. LEBANON, N. Y.

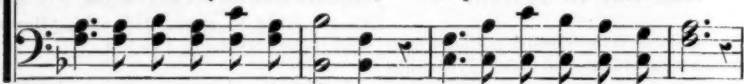
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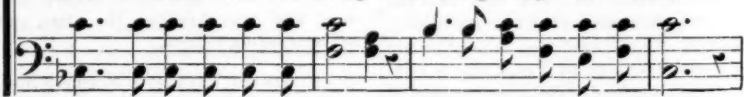
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|----------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. Gentle deeds are ever forming | Verdant spots within each heart; |
| 2. It is ours to be progressing, | And to toil with ardent thought, |
| 3. O, it is a blessed haven,     | Where no blighted powers remain; |



Whence shall spring the plants of virtue,	Flow'rs that incense sweet impart;
That our lives may merit blessing,	And with holiness be fraught.
Where un - ho - ly strife is banished,	And pure love our souls enchain,



Such shall waken tho'ts most holy;	Bring to life some germ of love;
Morn shall ope with new desires;	Evening shall their strength increase;
Here in union we are leaving	All the glit'ring dust of earth;



Cause aspirings true and lasting,	For the powers that lift above.
While the angels find our spirits	Resting in the realms of peace.
Seeking on - ly the im - mor - tal,	Which will give us angel birth.

